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A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE COMING.

PUCK,

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Wednesday, October 22nd, 1890.—No. 711.



CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE MAYORALTY ELECTION in New York has an interest this year that it has never had before and never can have again. It will show conclusively, once and forever, whether the Republicans of New York care for good government and are really patriotic citizens, or whether it is totally indifferent to them what happens to New York so long as the leaders of their party are in a position to make deals when a Presidential election and a state or municipal election fall upon the same day. The Republicans have joined the County Democracy and the People's Municipal League in nominating Mr. Francis M. Scott as a "fusion" candidate. Mr. Scott is a man of integrity, ability and experience. His opponents can find nothing to say against him. He will get the vote of the County Democracy. If he is defeated, it will be because the Republicans of New York violate their pledge and stay away from the polls; or because they cast their vote for a candidate of straw, put up by some disloyal faction of their own party.

Here are the figures. The full vote of the City of New York in 1888 was 270,000, in round numbers. Of this vote, 186,000 was Democratic, 73,000 Republican, 10,000 and odd scattering. Of the Democratic vote 72,000 belonged to the County Democracy: 114,000 to Tammany Hall. Thus the County Democracy and the Republicans together over-balance Tammany's vote by twenty-four thousand, leaving the scattering vote out of the question. Moreover, 72,000 is not the County Democracy's best vote. It has cast a vote of 96,000. This vote indicated Republican

assistance; but, with the Republican assistance eliminated, it showed that the County Democracy's vote was certainly better than 72,000 when its full strength was brought out.

If you will consider these figures, you will see that if the Republicans carry out the agreement that they have made, Mr. Scott will be elected Mayor of New York. With the Republicans voting solidly for the candidate whom they have accepted, nothing short of a defection from the ranks of the County Democracy of over 30,000 voters would defeat the fusion candidate. And as there is no likelihood that there will be any such defection, it seems to be clear enough to the ordinary mind that if Mr. Scott is not elected, it is because the Republicans will not support a good Democratic candidate for Mayor who is opposing a bad Democratic candidate—with no possible question of Republican candidacy. It is true, there may be a Republican candidate—nominated by some unpatriotic gang of Republicans, perhaps before this paper appears; but he will not be a real candidate. Nobody will believe for an instant that he can be elected. Everybody will know that to vote for him is to throw away a vote—nay, more—to throw a Republican vote on the Tammany side.

There ought to be no doubt among good citizens that defeating Tammany and putting an end to Tammany rule is every good citizen's business. We are not inclined to go with some of the too-excitable reformers who tell us that New York is the worst-governed city in the world. That assertion is not true, in the year 1890. In some respects, New York is demonstrably one of the best-governed cities in the world. There are many things in her municipal government of which she ought to be more proud than she is. Yet it is undeniable that her government might be bettered in many ways: that there is much to be done in the way of reform and progress that will never be done so long as Tammany Hall holds and owns the city government. And it is certain that Tammany will hold and own that city government until all the citizens who are opposed to Tammany rule unite in opposition to Tammany.

The citizens who are opposed to Tammany rule have an opportunity this year that they are not likely to have again. Their leaders have decided upon a candidate for the Mayoralty. His candidacy has the fullest official recognition from the three political bodies who unite in presenting him to the people. According to the testimony of those who know him, he is in every way a fit and proper man for the place which he seeks. His enemies do not deny his fitness. If the political bodies which united in nominating him unite in voting for him, he will be elected. And if he is not elected, the statistics—or, to put it more simply, the plain figures—will show that the candidate of the Republican party has been defeated because he is a Democrat, and that the New York Republican is rather a Republican than a New Yorker, and is held tighter by the Republican party string than by any sentiment of loyalty to his town or regard for her best interests.

If we doubt whether the Republicans will show any patriotism in the local elections in New York, it is largely because they seem to have made an end of all patriotism in national affairs. In fact, they have carried a cynical indifference to the nation's general welfare to such a point that the socialist with the red flag begins to look respectable when you compare him with the Republican tariff-tinkerer. Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. If they wish to destroy all whom they make mad, the Republican party is doomed to speedy extinction. No madder, more desperate party ever asked for the suffrages of sane voters.

The Republican party appears before the people to-day as the party of high prices. Now, it is true enough, high prices are welcome in many business offices. But high prices are not always so welcome in the home. If a man goes into the tin-plate business, he is undoubtedly glad to know that he can ask more for his tin-plates now that the McKinley bill is passed than he could have asked before. But the man who has to buy the tin-plates and pay an increased price for them will not share in that gladness. And when he finds that he is paying that increased price for the same old imported tin-plates that he has been buying all these long years, and that there is no American tin-plate industry to supply him with tin-plates, we must not be surprised if he rises up in revolt against Republican tariff legislation.

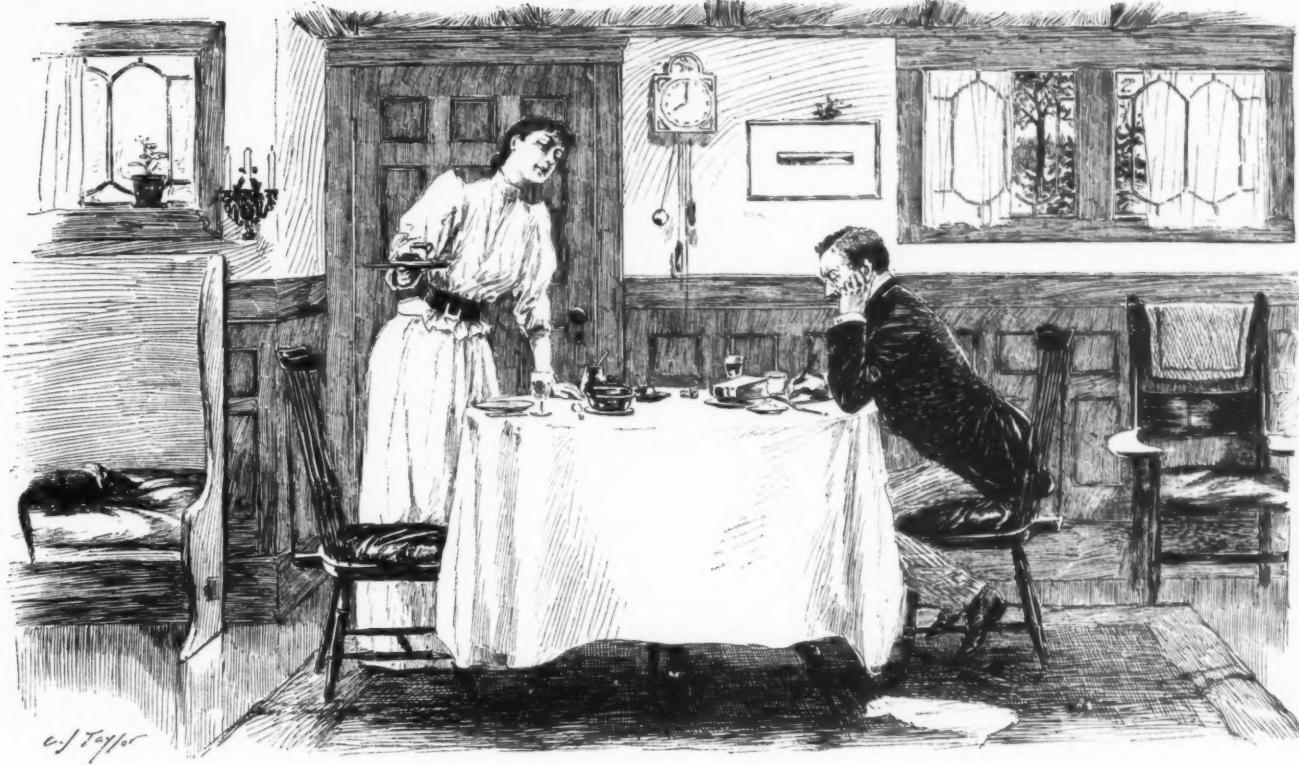


THE MILLINERY DRAMA.

OLD GRUFFLEY (*to his daughter, returned from the play*).
—Well, how did you like it?

MISS GRUFFLEY.—Oh, it was just lovely! The heroine wore eleven different dresses!

Audacity and a vast confidence in the ignorance of the people have been the capital of the Republican party for many years. It has taken risks that no other party would dare to take. It has played every trick that the mind of a demagogue ever conceived. But the trick of making living dearer and life harder for the men whose votes it seeks is a trick which we hope and believe it is playing for the last time.



PEGASUS HARNESSSED.

MR. and MRS. MELIBOEUS RHYMER, finishing breakfast.

MRS. RHYMER.—'Boeus, when are you going to do some more poems? You have n't done a single one this month, and I'm quite sure the butcher is taking advantage of it.

RHYMER (*bewildered*).—The butcher? The butcher?

MRS. RHYMER.—Yes, the butcher. Our postman is his brother, you know. Well, whenever you don't get any letters from the *Aeon* for some time, he immediately begins giving us round for rump, well knowing that I don't dare complain, for fear he 'll send in his bill. And he 's been doing that very thing for the last week.

RHYMER (*disgusted*).—Pshaw!

MRS. RHYMER (*without noticing*).—It hurts the milkman's feelings, too.

RHYMER.—What have a milkman's feelings to do with poetry?

MRS. RHYMER.—A great deal, let me tell you. We owe him for sixty-seven quarts, less one that was sour, though he says it was n't; but I say it was, and even the cat would n't touch it, and I don't blame her, whatever he pretends about its being new that morning from a grade Jersey three-year-old—

RHYMER (*impatiently*).—Oh, get on! get on!

MRS. RHYMER.—Well, it makes the milkman very sad to come here and see you still idle—"gone dry," he calls it—when you ought to be doing a fourteen-liner a day to square his account. "Ain't no sonnet nor nothin' yit, is there?" he asks, every morning; and when I say "No," he looks as if he could cry.

RHYMER.—Nonsense!

MRS. RHYMER.—Then it 's unlucky that our grocer should happen to be a subscriber to the *Aeon*. Every time it comes out without anything of yours in it, he instantly sends his boy around with a monthly statement, stamped "Please Remit," and won't let him take the molasses jug back with him. That 's occurred two or three times already.

RHYMER (*jumping up*).—Martha Rhymer!

MRS. RHYMER (*regardless*).—It was a great mistake on your part to make an enemy of that grocer by refusing to write the little advertising acrostic he wanted—something about a new brand of mixed pickles, was n't it? (RHYMER *groans*.) Ever since, I 've seen the effects of his hostility in the butter.

RHYMER (*in a high state of irritability*).—Wow!

MRS. RHYMER.—And here you are, not even trying to work.

RHYMER (*pitifully*).—But I can't work. You don't give me any chance.

MRS. RHYMER (*surprised*).—Chance? Why, I never interfere with you, unless there 's something really important to be done. Monday there was the dining-room carpet to put down, and Tuesday the windows needed washing, and Wednesday the pig ran away—

RHYMER (*triumphantly*).—And this is Thursday. Now, where was the time to work?

MRS. RHYMER (*calm as ever*).—Why, you might have thought up some canzonets and rondeaux on Wednesday, while you were after the pig—I 'm sure you were gone long enough.

RHYMER (*despairing*).—Oh, misery, misery! Life is too hard for

me! (*Striking his forehead*.) Jupiter! An idea! I 'll do that up in twelves and elevens—*tumtity, tumtity, tum ti tee tumtity!*—where 's my pencil and pad?—*tum ti tee tum!*—and Walker's Rhyming Dictionary?—quick, or I shall lose my inspiration—*tumtity tum!* (*Rushes about collecting materials, then plunges into chair at table*.)

MRS. RHYMER (*quite unexcited*).—Ah, you 've started? That 's good; only you 've put your Walker on the milk toast. Now, remember that we 've no soft soap, and be sure to hail the man when he drives by.

RHYMER (*hard at it*).—“Misery, misery! Life is too hard for me!”—one, two, three, four, five, six—*tumtity, tumtity!*—“Gladly I'd rest in the yew-shadowed tomb”—where 's Walker?—confound that milk toast!—tomb: “OMB, see OOM”—nicely arranged book this is, I don't think—oh, here it is: “OOM! Doom, gloom, groom, loom, room”—

MRS. RHYMER (*outside*).—'Boeus, have you seen the soapman yet? I don't believe he 's coming this morning.

RHYMER (*nervously*).—Oh, don't bother! “Gloom,” that 'll do—now for an alliteration—generous?—glorious?—glimmering—hooray, that 's it!—“glimmering gloom!”

MRS. RHYMER (*outside*).—I shall want you to go downtown pretty soon, and you might as well take the order now. Two pounds of halibut, not too near the tail—

RHYMER (*furious*).—Martha Rhymer, keep still, or I 'll—then the second line is, “Silent and safe 'mid its glimmering gloom.” Moses! That 's a good one!—but, hold on! Does gloom glimmer, I wonder?”

MRS. RHYMER (*outside*).—A quart of Lima beans—do you hear?

RHYMER (*bouncing about in agony*).—Hear? I wish I 'd been born deaf—and you dumb! (*Resuming*) “Glimmering gloom!” Well, gloom might glimmer—why not? Any how, this gloom will glimmer—for I can't afford to lose that alliteration. Now for the next—*tumtity, tumtity!*

MRS. RHYMER (*outside*).—And if you see Doctor Bolus, ask him whether that rash on the baby's elbow is anything serious, and if I 'd better put a flax poultice on it.

RHYMER.—Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! Oh, be quiet, can't you? (*Meditating*.) Now, the third 'll have to rhyme with the first. What can I get for “hard for me?” Let's see Walker—“card”—no good—“barred”—just the thing. Here goes—“Since the palm-planted paths to life's blisses are barred for me”—By George, that 's a fine line!—sounds like Swinburne; it does, indeed. Now comes the fourth—

MRS. RHYMER (*tearing into and through room, screaming at the top of her voice*).—Oh, mercy, mercy! There he goes! The soapman! Hi-i-i-i-i! Hall-o-o-o-o-o! Stop! Wait! Oh, 'Boeus, come quick and help me shriek—it 's the soapman! E-e-e-e-e-eh! Hallo-o-o-o! Oh, dear, it 's no use—he 's gone, he 's gone!

RHYMER (*in dark despair*).—And so is my inspiration, Martha Rhymer! Gone, gone, gone!

MRS. RHYMER (*recovering herself*).—I 'm very sorry, 'Boeus, and the milkman will feel even worse; but, since it is gone—

RHYMER.—Well?

MRS. RHYMER (*with her customary good sense*).—You 'd better go, too—after that two pounds of halibut, not too near the tail!

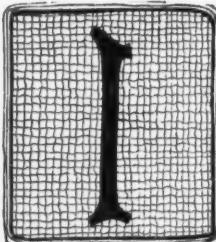
Manley H. Pike.



GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

UNCLE SI.—Well, Maurice, you're a reg'lar hunter, ain't yer; brought up all your togs, too. What do you expect to shoot?
MAURICE.—Oh, I thought I'd try the quail this morning.
UNCLE SI.—You can't do nothin' without a dog.
MAURICE.—By Gawge, that's so! Er—er—can't I take Fido?

EXPOSTULATION.



IT IS RUMORED that a magazine has given Sir Edwin Arnold an enormous sum for a new poem. We can not undertake to say exactly how large the sum is, but it is more than twenty-five dollars. This is a serious wrong.

When all good people are striving with tongue and pen to drive poets out, and young ladies on every hand are showing us as best they can, by example, what an undoubted curse poets and poetry are, then, certainly our magazines should not counteract the good work by greeting poems with reward instead of punishment.

And if ever a poet deserved punishment, swift and sure, it is this Sir Edwin Arnold. It is said that he has a family to plead for him; but so had Brigham Young. Can a man outrage every sentiment of respect for good blank paper by writing Indian poems on it, and then be recommended to mercy because of his family, which is probably as much ashamed of him as anyone else?

When there is a commune, and the state holds all property, Mr. Arnold will not get writing-paper from the commissary to put Sahib and Koo-koo tales on. If he does, Benjamin Harrison will ask for a sheet on which to write an article on statesmanship.

Every principle of literature is violated when a poet is given over \$25 for a poem. From \$5 to \$15 is the price, and journals are always willing to give this; \$5 being the figure for a short poem, and \$15 for a long poem, too long to print, and returned with thanks.

The moment a poet gets a fancy price, say \$7, he becomes inflated; he has editions of his poems printed, poses before the public, claims to be haunted by autograph fiends, and, like the Brownings and William Cullen Bryant, begins to talk, and neglects his knitting. It seems to be true that affluence ruins poets, and that to preserve to them unimpaired their wondrous keen sense of the sweetness of Nature, they must be kept with their nose to the grindstone.

We trust that Edwin Arnold has not been given any large sum for a poem, and that, if he has, he will restore all but \$4, which he may keep, not for his poem, but for his honesty.

Williston Fish.

A THEATRICAL RECIPE FOR RICHES.

Steal a few melodies out of some opera,
Cut from the papers a bushel of jokes,
(Throw in a dozen a trifle improperer,)
Give the whole thing to variety folks:
Dancers, a trio, to kick with the best of 'em;
A manager gifted with plenty of gall,—
Gold mines an' oil wells an' trusts an' the rest of 'em—
Faith, a farce comedy's better than all!

H. J.



HIS DOUBT DISPELLED.

IOWA LAD.—Papa, is a saloon a wonder?
HIS FATHER.—Yes, my son; a saloon in Iowa is certainly supposed to be a wonder.

IOWA LAD.—That accounts for it, then. I was reading the other day that a lot of tourists "drank in all the wonders of our glorious Prohibition state," and I could n't make it out.

AFTER LONG SEPARATION.

DOUBLEDAY (meeting old friend).—Can this be you, Singleton? Why, I fancied you were dead years ago!

SINGLETON.—Well, you see, I was only buried in thought!

ASKING A GOOD DEAL.

ITALIAN COUNT.—O my darling!
Will-a you-a be-a mine foreva?

AMERICAN HEIRESS.—Well, that will depend somewhat upon Papa. I shall be a mine for a while, I expect.

DROP OFF.

Seattle, Washington, is a trifle hilly.

"My friend," said a new-comer, meeting a native on Thirteenth Street, "can you direct me to the shortest route to First Street? I am in a hurry."

"Wal," responded the native, "jest go to the end of this block and drop off; where you land will be First Street."

LIKE OTHER MAJORITIES.

"You ought to go to work now; you have attained your majority," said Mr. G. O'Party to his lazy son.

"Ya-as; but mine is n't a working majority."

THE MELANCHOLY DANE.

Mad Hamlet is a character
That people much enjoy,
Despite the fact that he is a
Dyspeptic Fauntleroy.



LOST THE COMBINATION.

MRS. LOCKET.—Can't you find the pocket?
MR. LOCKET.—Yes, Lucy, I have found the pocket, all right.
"Then why don't you bring me my thimble?"
"I have found the pocket, but I have not yet found the way into it."

NATURAL LOVE VS. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.



LOVE-SICK WOOER, clad in Hymen's guise,
Fell at his sweetheart's feet engulfed in sighs,
And gazing Heavenward at her star-lit eyes,
Began his passion-tragedy this wise:

"Oh, gentle maiden, I've a heart to give,
So tender, true, so constant, positive —"

"Enough!" the maid exclaimed, "thou fugitive,
Hope told a flatt'ring tale," nor dared to give
The law of nature which must ever live:
A positive attracts a negative!"

Jean La Rue Burnett.

SPEAKER REED'S BOYHOOD.

IT WAS IN PORTLAND, Maine, that Thomas B. Reed first opened his eyes upon a waiting world, of which he was destined to become the sole proprietor. He saw at a glance what he was here for, and lost no time in assuming the Dictatorship. The old rules of household governments, under which the Reed family had lived peacefully for some years, were overthrown. The infant's wail became the voice of despotism, and the baby's rattle the scepter of tyranny. But Master Tommy was such a fat and cunning little rascal that his parents yielded admiringly to his sway, even when he bore down on them the hardest. This was a great misfortune. If at that time a little judicious spanking had been applied to him, it might have convinced him that Czarism does n't pay, and saved him a great deal of trouble in years to come.

At school Tommy shirked the higher branches of education and devoted himself wholly to learning to count. He was the best counter in his class. All through his life he has cultivated this accomplishment, and has brought it to such perfection that he can to-day count a quorum out of a dozen Congressmen, two umbrellas and a hat.

In his teacher, young Reed found a great stumbling-block in his path towards absolute power. A difference of opinion existed between the two as to which should run the school. Tommy argued that, the scholars being in the majority, he, as their representative, ought to have things his own way. But the teacher thought that part of the governing power should reside in the minority, when the minority was sufficiently strong; which, in this case, he rather thought the minority was. Then Tommy fired off some of his cutting Down-east sarcasm. Then the teacher pulled Tommy up over his desk by the waistband of his trousers, and wielded the gavel so vigorously that it would have split the desk if it had fallen thereon, instead of on the upturned base of Master Reed. The nascent autocrat was obliged to accept defeat for the time being; but he shook his head and vowed to take it out of the Democrats when he got to be Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Tommy was quite a boy.

S. Mart Halleck.

IT IS a peculiar fact that the men who always make a fuss about the poor cigars that are presented to them, never murmur about the poor ones they buy.



A RECOMMEND.

MRS. KIMPER (*to NEW BOARDER*).—I'm glad to know that one of my former boarders referred you here. He spoke quite strongly in praise of my house, I understood you to say.

NEW BOARDER (*who came for a purpose*).—Yes; he said he lost twenty pounds in the six months he boarded here.

PUCK.

A MATTER OF DUST.

ROUNDSMAN MCKNABB (*pulling delinquent officer out of side-door*).—Phwat do yez mean by going into a saloon?

POLICEMAN O'TODDY.—Sure, Oi jist wint in to tie me shoes.

ROUNDSMAN MCKNABB.—Tie yure shoes, is it? Why, there's dust on the knots!

POLICEMAN O'TODDY.—Er—er—(*scratching his head*)—they do be sweeping in there!

MORE EFFECTUAL.

WHIPPER.—I see they are going to dispose of the Hudoo collection under the hammer.

SNAPPER.—What's the matter with a trip-hammer.

A HORROR THAT'S REPEATED OFT
The mind throws off with elasticity;
We merely now the head-lines read
Recounting deaths by electricity!



THEY DID.

BILL CLARK.—If I had as much money as the Old Man I'd quit business and travel.

AD. COLLUM.—So would I.

OLD MAN (*entering unexpectedly*).—I guess that's what you'd better do, any how.

MATED, BUT NOT MATCHED.

ICHABOD LIGHHEAD.—Yes; my remarks is plain. I'm an ognastic, same as Bob Ingersoll; and I'm proud to say that we pull in the same boat.

SAM SHARPLEIGH.—But with different sculls, Lighthead.

TOO LITERAL.

MRS. PUSSLEY.—You won't do a thing to please me now, and yet before we were married you said you would go through fire and water for me.

PUSSLEY.—So I would, my dear. The water would put the fire out, you know.

AN EASY PLACE.

"Hullo, Bill," said Tramp No. 1, "whatcher going to do for the Winter?"

"I've got a place in the Post-office."

"What do you have to do?"

"Keep an eye on the police, so's I won't get put out."

CHICAGO WAY AHEAD.

EASTERNER.—I see Chicago proposes to divide up the World's Fair among two or three different sites.

CHICAGO MAN.—Yes, siree. No old-fashioned one-ring circus for us, sir; no, sir!

IT IS A fortunate thing that man was created with finger-nails that in the utmost darkness may be fitted into the slit of a Yale lock. This simple provision of Nature has saved the peace of many families.

WHAT THE WILD WEST IS COMING TO.



FIRST TOURIST FROM THE EAST (*to Second Ditto*) — Now, Mellick, there comes one of the real, typical, Western desperados; I can tell by his walk. When he passes us, be very careful not to stare at him; and if he asks us to drink we must accept, for those fellows are always ready to shoot at sight!



TYPICAL DESPERADO.—Good morning, gents; I'm introducing "Dr. Stab's Royal Remedy" for coughs, colds, malaria and headache — let me sell you a couple of bottles!

THE FATHER OF RAILROADS.



HERE IS nothing new under the nebula, as has been once more proved — this time by Prof. Terry Cotter, the eminent digologist, who has just unearthed the Gracchiville Central and Storm Centre R. R., an old Roman railroad, running between Gracchiville Junction and Storm Centre, and built B. C. 84. Ten miles of the trunk line, four of the sidings, and eighteen hundred of the switches, beside seven feet of a leased line — the S. P. Q. R. — are now laid bare to modern gaze.

The Gracchiville's lava-ballasted track shows this line to have been both a broad and a narrow gauge road, the rails in some places being eighty-nine feet apart, while in other sections they were laid within nineteen inches of each other. The switches were rather primitive, those on the Herculaneum branch being particularly so. Here, on the

approach of the Lictor's Limited, the trackman locked the switches by wrapping his suspenders about the end of the connecting rails, and tying the buckles in a hard knot. Plutarch relates an anecdote of one of these Gracchiville switchmen. It appears this employee was so absent-minded that when he was being killed by robbers, he abstractedly yelled "hurrah!" instead of "murder!"

The railroad sandwich was first used on the Gracchiville Central, its inventor being Railroadicus the Younger. During the reign of the epicurean Emperor Caligula, nightingale-tongue sandwiches were in order; while some hundred years later, Culli, Division Superintendent East Bound Edibles, inaugurated the tough era by making this food of wagon tongues. The ham sandwich — first cousin to Dyspepsia on the Ham's side — was reserved for the American road of later days.

Prof. Terry Cotter has exhumed, along the line of the Gracchiville Central, the fossilized remains of several Roman ticket-scalpers, notably that of Cutrateus, who once saved Pliny the Elder fourteen drachmas on the trip from Rome to Port Jervis. Caesar once said to Chauncey M. Depew: "I am victorious in every war but a war of rates," which remark was overheard by Kidlippus, the Trachean train-boy, who repeated it to his father, Cutrateus. "Then," replied the latter, "I am greater than Caesar; for when the trunk lines and the valise branches battle, I'm king of the town." Then he went outside of his office, and posted up this legend: "Special to North Agricola."

The brakes were so primitive on the Roman road, that the brakemen, as soon as leaving one station, began to apply them for the next. If a

catastrophe suddenly presented itself, demanding the immediate stoppage of the cars, the passengers jumped out, and, catching hold of the iron railings, pulled back and checked the train's rush.

Parallel roads were also known in early Rome, as witness Lucullus, who relates an anecdote of two engineers who used to run their rival locomotives side by side. Both of these men were fearfully cross-eyed, the result of which was that each would read and obey the signals of the opposite road.

"Just fancy the result!" quaintly adds Lucullus.

The Roman railroad titles, like those of this country, were fearfully and wonderfully made. There is a certain American railroad official who is afraid to go out alone at night with his title. What would he say, then, of some of the following, which have been dug up by Prof. Cotter: Ass't Gen'l Sup't Galley Slave Emigration, Lava Div.; Gen'l Man'g'r Hot Boxes, Herculaneum Div.; Ass't Sup't Freight and Traf. Prize Packages, Up Town and Gracchiville Div.

Thus has digological research once more brought to light the nether-crust, and shown us that an earlier age knew what it was to fondle and caress the cow-catcher of "The Limited," and that a deadhead could be greater than Caesar.

W. P.



TAKING CARE OF HIM.

FIRST PATIENT.—Why are all the doctors, nurses and officials taking so much care of that man who has just been brought in? He does n't seem to be hurt much.

SECOND PATIENT.—Oh, no! But he 's a reporter who got hurt in order to get in and write the place up; and they 're "onto" him.

PROTECTION AND MARINE SUBSIDES.



H, FOR the stately ships
That can no longer tarry!
We must, we *must* have ships,
Though they have naught to carry.
Let them be filled — with what?
No matter — early and late,
Let ships sail on forever,
Without a ton of freight.

What shall they bring us — ores,
Steel rails, or iron, or tin?
We've got a tariff to keep
All these from coming in.
Carpets and woolens — stay!
Linger, jellies and jams!
But send us a thousand ships,
With stones and the shells of clams!

Fill 'em with earth and sand;
These they may freely bring;
They may come if they but contain
Some quite superfluous thing.
Let 'em bring nothing at all,
And make a thousand trips;
Let the people pay the cost,
But, for God's sake! give us ships!

J. D. Miller.

UNDER THE NEW LAW.

MR. KENOSHA.—Here, waiter, take that duck away. It's altogether too "high" for me.

WAITER (*respectfully*).—Yes, sir; it's on account of the McKinley bill, sir.

A PLEASING CHANGE.

JACK WYLIE.—Have you been playing any poker lately?
MR. B. T. FLUSH.—No; I've quit. My luck was too bad. But I've got a cinch on that new game, "Tiddley Winks." Ever hear of it?

JACK WYLIE.—Oh, yes; they call it "Idiot's Delight." But why do you do better at that?

MR. B. T. FLUSH.—Because the man who puts in the most chips *wins*.

THE LAST THING THOUGHT OF.

ONCE mutton-legged, then tight as skin,
The sleeve soon swelled a vast balloon;
Shoulders aspire now higher and higher—
Pray, may a fit be looked for soon?



IN THE FIFTY-CENT TABLE D'HOTE.

DE BRIE (*who knows French*).—Garçon, deux cafés-cognacs.

J. H. SMITH (*who does not speak the language*).—The same for me, garsong.



FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY.

MRS. O'ROURKE.—I wish yez wud give me an ordher for some medicine, Your Riverence, fer little Jimmy, here. He's been ailing for two wakes.

FATHER REILLY.—I think a little soap and water would do him as much good as anything.

MRS. O'ROURKE.—Would yez give it to him before or after his males, Your Riverence?

THE LATEST WRINKLE.

MISS ROXIE SAND.—O Papa! Lord Blazonberrie wants to have "P. T." put in the corner of our wedding invitations.

MR. SAND.—"P. T." — Private Terms!

—eh? — but that is a trade expression.

MISS ROXIE.—Oh, yes; but he says he does n't care to have every one know what we paid for him.

SOUND PROTECTIONISTS.

COHEN (*to his partner*).—Dish new Tariff vas going to put up der brice of clodhings.

LOEWENSTEIN.—Yaw; ve had better mark up dhose second-hand overcoats vun dol-lar all roundt!

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Every cloud has a silver lining."

"Is that your experience?"

"Yes. I'm a lawyer."

OF MORE CONSEQUENCE.

VISITOR.—Excuse me, sir, but are you the president of the college?

IMPORTANT PERSON.—Well, I guess not. I'm the janitor.

A REALLY, TRULY, MARTYR.

DR. EISEN.—You are getting near-sighted, Madam. You should wear glasses.

MRS. GIDÉT.—O Doctor! My nose is too small to hold eye-glasses, and spectacles are so very unbecoming! *What* shall I do?

AN OMISSION.

Bradstreet reports 179 failures for last week. This does not include Mr. Porter's census.

DISENFRANCHISEMENT.

"It's very hard," sighed the gas-meter; "I always register, but I can't vote."

HOW TO PUT HIM UNDER.

You may spout, you may shout, you may battle and tug,

You may pile up your documents endlessly;

But it's only by votes you can make a rug
Of the skin of the Tiger of Tammany!



EVEN HERE.

"What are your politics?" he said.
"I am a Democrat, full bred."

"You can't come in," Saint Peter cried:

"No Democrats allowed inside."

"What is the meaning of this creed?"

And Peter said: "Ask Speaker Reed!"

S. S. S.

P U



THE "WIDE-AWA

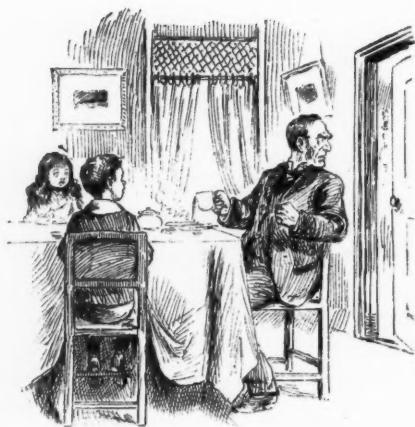
PUCK.



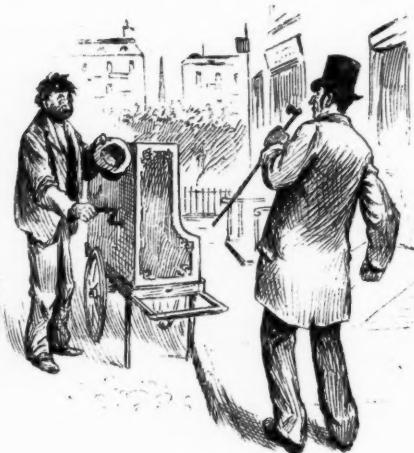
J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

"WIDE-AWAKES" OF 1890.

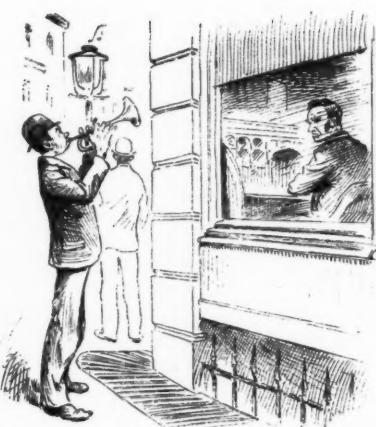
A DAY WITH A MAN WHO HATES MUSIC.



8 A.M.—VOICE FROM KITCHEN (*singing*).—
“They’re hangin’ folks in Oireland for wearin’
of the grane.”



9 A.M.—Air from “Lucia.”



10 A.M.—“Home, Sweet Home,” with
variations.

SUCCESSFUL.

“How did the revival go?”
“First rate.”
“What did you revive?”
“My bank account.”

DEFIANCE.

RUSSIA (*threateningly*).—I’ll eat you up one of these days!

TURKEY.—Gobble, gobble, gobble!



11 A.M.—“O, Du lieber Augustin.”



The rest of the day, with short interruptions—“Little Annie Rooney.”

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL is frequently one of the St. Michael order; boss of all the rest.

THE SHORTEST DAY in the year is December 22d. A twenty-second day ought to be short enough for anybody.

A NICE BOX FOR SPOONS
—Marrying in poverty.

TO THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN, the “wee sma’ hours” are the longest of the day.

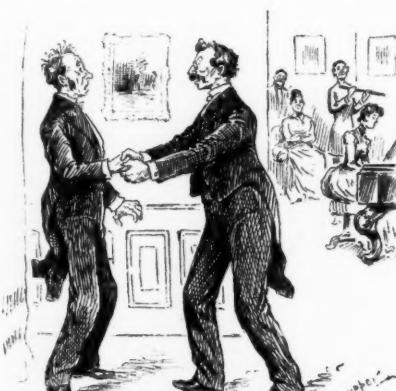
A MAN IS known by the company he keeps. It would be very odd indeed if they did n’t know him.

WHEN THE wolf is at the door, it would be a good idea to shoot him and get the bounty for his scalp.

“I WONDER,” asked Meigs, “why that Statue of Liberty claims to Enlighten the World, when she can only be seen in the vicinity of New York?”

“Because,” returned Graytor, with a far-away look, “because she has a monumental cheek!”

THE SOCIALIST to his fellows cries:
“Capital is our enemy!”
And yet his enemy he loves—
Offer him capital, and see!



8:30 P.M., *making a call*.—HOST.—
You’re in the nick of time, old fellow; my daughter has just sat down to the piano, young Tootles is here with his flute, and we’ll have a jolly musical evening!

REMOVED FROM TEMPTATION.

“Pa, what is a good Republican?”
“It is one who does not hold office, my son.”

THE REASON WHY.

MCDONALD.—Phwy did yez change th’ spellin’ av yure name since you came to Ameriky?
MACDONALD.—Sure, Oi did n’t want to be confounded wid de Micks.

A PRIVILEGED CHARACTER.

MRS. FUME (*coming out of the elevator*).—Who was that brute who was smoking all the way down?
ELEVATOR BOY.—Sh!—That’s the owner of the building!

SARCASTIC.

UPSON DOWNES.—Why, you told me there would be “no hurry” about paying back that ten.
JOB LOTT.—Well, there has n’t been.

SAME CAUSE.

LITTLE ROGER.—What makes you walk lame, Uncle John?
UNCLE JOHN.—There was an accident on the bridge to-day, and I got caught in the jam.

LITTLE ROGER.—I got caught in the jam once, and walked lame for a week.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER (*to his NEW YORK CICERONE*).—Your race problem must be very serious. Your hordes of immigrants are not quickly assimilated, are they?

NEW YORK CICERONE.—Are n’t they, though? Why, sir, a Polish Jew can come to this country, and in six months he will be so thoroughly Americanized that he will go in for Anglomania, sir!



WONDERFUL, INDEED!

HOPFMAN HOWES (*to UPSON DOWNES, who wears a Macintosh*).—Why, Upson, the last time I saw you wear that coat it was raining, too!



ACROSS THE RANCH; or, Chronicles of a Tenderfoot.

S.B.G.

I.

Going West for Health.

ONE MORNING I waked to find myself an invalid. I had begun with a mere cold in the head, which I had chased about from place to place with one sort of panacea or other, until finally, it had got tired fooling with me, and had fixed itself in my system where my doctor could not locate it and medicines would not reach it.

In the meantime I had grown pretty thin. In the dim, uncertain light of the hall my friends were accustomed to mistake me for the hat-rack; but my appetite still held out. My doctor said my appetite was all that was keeping me up, but the good woman with whom I boarded said that was what was killing me.

I was advised to take some out-door exercise, but I failed to find just the sort of exercise that my case seemed to need. I tried sawing a little fire-wood in the morning, but after the first day I quit that. It gave me a pain in the back. Then I was persuaded to try walking, but the walking was usually bad when I felt in the humor for walking. Again, I was told of the benefit to be got from hoeing in the garden before breakfast, and I tried that, but, in a day or two, I got out of the way of it. It seemed sort of enervating exercise to me. It did n't suit my case at all. Finally, I was advised to try the bicycle, but I said no; if death were inevitable I preferred to meet it quietly at home; I did not think I could die comfortably while standing on my head.

I continued to lift the druggist from prosperity to independence, and to spend the most of my time between meals in growing thin.

An undertaker with whom I enjoyed a speaking acquaintance began to take a new interest in me. Frequently, when he had something on hand in the way of a rich and unique burial-case, he would call me in his shop to see it; and while expatiating enthusiastically on the beauty, workmanship and comfort of the thing, would take my measure mentally, and his eye would

wander up and down me and seem to inquire if I did n't think something of that style would about suit me.

And the enterprising citizen who had laid out a beautiful new cemetery would drive me through his serpentine ways, and, with a face full of human sympathy, ask me if I "ever saw a more comfortable place for poor, weary man to rest?"

My physician was a kind and candid man. When he had tried all the remedies in his books without doing me any manner of good, and could no longer conceal my true condition from me, he came to me one day and said:

"I must be plain with you, young man. I fear you are beyond medical skill. You've a frame and a sound appetite left, and that's about all. I can't afford to have you die on my hands; my reputation is at stake, and I want you to travel. I want you to go West and rough it. Eat and drink everything you want; stay out of doors as much as you can; work between meals for money enough to pay your board; and keep yourself as far as possible away from doctors. If you follow this course to the letter, you will either die or get well; in either case you will be better off, and will have my best wishes."

He wrung my hand and went away. I thought over his strange advice for five minutes, and decided to take it. It was the least nauseating thing to take he had ever prescribed for me.

I went to an old and dearly beloved friend, who had spent many years in the Far West.

"I have decided to cross the Continent for my health," I said, grasping his brawny, honest hand. "Have you any advice to give me?"

"Yes," he answered, after a moment's meditation; "if you're going West for your health, young man, never borrow a hoss by moonlight, nor pull your gun unless you intend to shoot."

Next day I packed a lunch basket with things suited to the needs of a thin invalid with an appetite, and set out toward the setting sun.

Scott Way.



NO TROUBLE TO IDENTIFY.

SCUMBLEWORTH.—Why, I can tell a pen-and-ink artist's work just as quick as I can tell his handwriting.

SCRIBBLETON.—Yes; I notice they are always pretty careful to sign their names.

RUFF ON RATS—When Kitty "Collars" Them.

WET TO THE SKIN—Rain.

AN "OLD TIMER"—The Hour-glass.

THE ANATOMIST is the man who can give us the surest "inside information."

WOMAN AS A REFORMER.

"I wonder why Perkins always carries a cane since he's been married."

"Oh, that's his wife's scheme to cure him from putting his hands in his pockets."

AFTER THE BALL—A Clove.

A STOIC IS A MAN who has never had the toothache.

THE WAITER in a bustling restaurant always "sets the table" in a roar.

The name of SOHMER & CO. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

SAYS THE OLD ADAGE, BUT A CRAMP BEFORE YOU ARE PROVIDED WITH A BOTTLE OF

THE GENUINE

**Fed. Brown's
Ginger-**

PHILA'D'A, PA.

U. S. A.
MAY HAVE VERY SERIOUS RESULTS.

LOOK OUT FOR RED LABEL ADOPTED
TO MEET FRAUDS.

★ DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS ★

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D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.
FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE:
Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid.
A complete gymna-ium. Takes up but 6 in. square
door room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive,
cheap. Indorsed by 30,000 physicians, lawyers,
clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for
illustrated circular, 40 engravings, no charge. Prof.
D. L. Dowd, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture,
TRADE MARK.) 9 East 14th Street, New York.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF
EVERY AGE. HAVE IT,
POWDERED, AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.
75¢ PER CAN.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

GOOD FUN LASTS FOREVER.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
FUR CAPS
NASSAU
TRADE MARK
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The Correct
"NEW YORK STYLES" in
GENTLEMEN'S HATS
for "FALL"
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prices at which reliable furs can
be sold. Specialty made of Men's
Fur-lined Overcoats, Fur Caps,
Gloves, &c.
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Illustrated Catalogue mailed
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.



A WHOLESOME CHAMPAGNE OF THE PEER RECOMMENDED BY LEADING PHYSICIANS UNADULTERATED BY ANY FOREIGN MATTER. FOR SALE BY PRICES ALL FIRST CLASS WINE MERCHANTS & GROCERS. PER DOZ PINTS \$1.00

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

We Make the Cigar, You Make the Smoke.
TIGER CUBANA
The Best Cigar, 5 cents each.
50 cents per bundle. Call or address Manufacturer,
LEOPOLD MILLER & SONS, 149 Chambers St., New York. 992



BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.
"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

At no time during life is there a period when a man can derive no benefit from a dose of Beecham's Pills. Boys who look upon the apple when it is green find a stanch friend in them. Military, sporting and club men, with a fondness for good living, and, in fact, all persons who know the value of good health, and are acquainted with the merits of these Pills, are never without them. They are an essential safeguard to every proper and well-regulated life. Taken as directed, Beecham's Pills will quickly restore females to complete health. For

SICK HEADACHE, WEAK STOMACH, CONSTIPATION, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER,

BEECHAM'S act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, strengthening the muscular System, restoring long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. **B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 and 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK.** Sole Agents for the United States, who, if your druggist does not keep them, WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX. But inquire first. Mention this paper.

A NEW play is called "A Barrel of Money." It will be produced on the stage and not in the box office.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IT takes such a wretched census as that given us by Porter and his narrow-gauge clerks to make us fully realize the meaning of the phrase: "Countless thousands mourn."—*West Shore*.

RANDOM RURALET

from the Highland, (N. Y.) Southern Ulster.
Edward Paltridge went off Saturday he was shaved up in style.

James Leonard is the horse shoer. When you don't see horses in his shop it is often bed time.

PUCK'S
LIBRARY
No. 40.

DUMB CRITTERS.

10 Cents.
All News-dealers.

Mr. Harry Tillson has got a road round his office and a Telephone up to his house.

Mr. John Henry Perkins had a man from the West Mr Benj. King to see him.

We had a big time last Friday night they had an entertainment at the church they had a good supper roast pig. The weather was rather mussy but we took in I understand about \$2.

GOOD FUN LASTS FOREVER.

The Highland school is progressing very much with all their studys. Mr. Coon the prinsipal will do all he can in his power to bring the school up to their studies with any other School in this County. The scholars all seem to like him very much.

Alley Canfield has gone to New York he is fireman on a switch engine on the Harlam Rail Road. We miss him ever so much hear mornings and it is our wishes that he will and hoping to do well in his new enterprise that he has undertaking.

PUCK'S
LIBRARY
No. 39.

HUMAN NATUR'.

10 Cents.
All News-dealers.

Hoping he will get the Southern Ulster to hear from his home and surround neighborhood were he has seen a many a good time with the band boys thay will mis Alley and when thay get one to fill his place that they never will do.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

THE LATEST AND BEST.

SHANDON BELLS PERFUME

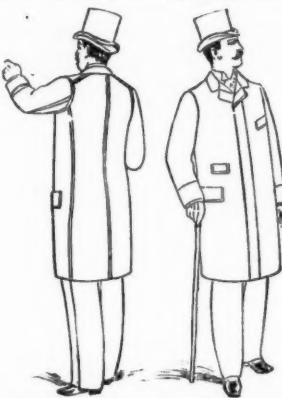
DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL, LASTING AND ECONOMICAL.
Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

CANDY

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.



SINGLE-BREASTED FLY-FRONT OVERCOAT.

WE HIGHLY RECOMMEND THIS STYLE OF TOP COATS, SUITABLE AND BECOMING ANY FIGURE; THEY CAN BE WORN BUTTONED OR OPEN, AS ONE MAY DESIRE. WE ARE MAKING THEM STRAP SEAMS, COLLARS OF SAME MATERIAL OR VELVET, AS DESIRED.

WE OFFER A SPECIAL LOT OF BURLINGTON AND WORUMBO KERSEYS, ALSO CHINCHILLAS, WHITNEYS, AND ELYSIAN. A VARIETY OF THIRTY SHADES AND MIXTURES. WE WARRANT ALL COLORS ABSOLUTELY FAST AND WEARING EQUAL TO ANY GOODS MADE.

OVERCOATS TO ORDER, \$18.00.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE IS HANDED TO EVERY CUSTOMER, WARRANTING GARMENTS TO WEAR ONE YEAR WITHOUT A BREAK.

SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, TAPE MEASURE, AND OUR SIMPLE GUIDE FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

ARNHEIM'S

Mammoth Tailoring Establishment,
BOWERY AND SPRING ST.,
NEW YORK.

HOW IT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

GILES.—How did that fellow come to get ahead of you?

DE JINKS.—I thought I knew more than he did.—*Epoch*.

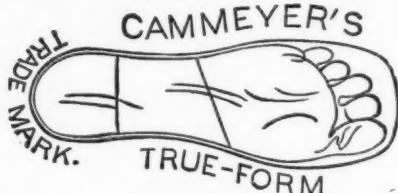
GOOD FUN LASTS FOREVER.

It is said that Hawthorne never used an italicized word. Hawthorne evidently never did any writing for the English comic papers.—*Ex.*



JUST IMAGINE!

A SHOE THAT REQUIRES NO BREAKING IN; WHAT A BLESSING IT MUST BE. YOU NEED NOT HAVE THE SLIGHTEST SUSPICION YOU ARE WEARING NEW SHOES IF YOU WILL BE PATIENT TO SELECT SUCH AS ARE OF A PROPER FIT FOR LENGTH AND WIDTH IN MY "TRUE FORM" LINE OF SHOES. BEAR IN MIND, I HAVE ABUNDANCE OF VARIETY IN LENGTHS AND WIDTHS AND DIFFERENT SHAPE TOE TO FIT EVERY FOOT FOR DIMENSION, AND EVERY MIND FOR IDEAS AND PREFERENCES.



MEN'S CALF HAND-SEWED WELT
"TRUE-FORM" SHOES IN BUT-
TON, CONGRESS AND LACE..... \$4.50
THERE IS NO LONGER ANY NECESSITY OF
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MANY think our Fountain and Style Pens are the best made. We find that this opinion emanates from all who have used them. Certainly no one wants an old-fashioned pen nowadays. Ours are made with great care and skill, will hold ink for a week's use, and write as smoothly as a lead pencil. Price, \$1.00, \$1.50, and upwards. Illustrated circular free.

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Our most Reliable Ferryman Roes the night ferry after the Steam Ferry lays up from Poughkeepsie side at half past 8 O'clock to meet the 851 train on the West Shore and leaves Poughkeepsie at half past 10. Train leave your order at the West Shore Depot and at Mr. J. H. Wood foot of Main St. Po'keepsie. D. CROWFORD.

Some our must be raising a beard in Highland have not seen them down this way in some time. Well a beard is alright for cold weather. Shm!

SHOW me that horse that cant he drove, if I cant drive him, I will give any man ten dollars,

David Lodlow.

—Highland (N. Y.) Southern Ulster.

PUCK'S LIBRARY "BUNCO" 10 Cents.
No. 38. All Newsdealers.

TRUSTS AND MONOPOLIES.

BLIMBERS.—But you must admit that Major McKinley's speeches have a "ring" in them.

DEWITT (dryly).—Yes, indeed; a very decided ring.—Boston Post.

IT is a peculiar fact that "the more a man gets the more he wants;" and the more he wants the less he gets.—Epoch.

PUCK'S LIBRARY "KIDS," 10 Cents.
No. 37. All Newsdealers.

TRAPMAN.—Young Nimrod's two hundred dollar gun exploded the first time he fired it. What do you think of that?

BUTTWELL.—I should say it was an overcharge in any event.—The Week's Sport.

THE Western editor defiantly asks a brother to take up his glove, to which the other responds: "Certainly. Give us a pair of tongs!"—Ex.

LARGE silver tips are still used for canes, umbrellas and hotel waiters.—Yonkers Statesman.



MISS CAMILLE (the actress).—It is disappointment that drives men to drink.

MISS CRITIQUE.—Yes; I noticed a great many go out between the acts at the play last night.—Yonkers Statesman.

MISTRESS.—Did you fix that sugar bucket so the ants could not get in?

BRIDGET.—Yis, Mum; Oi tuk the handle off the cover.—Princeton Tiger.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia, &c. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

TOILET GEM WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.
Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath, Cooling and Refreshing. 25 cts. Send for book "Care of Teeth" free. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

Vigoral
A FOE TO FATIGUE.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.

"There is no Appeal beyond Caesar!"

The late world-renowned Dermatologist,

Sir ERASMIUS WILSON, F.R.S.,

The First and Only
President of the Royal College of Surgeons
who ever gave a public Testimonial, and the following is
The Only Testimonial He Ever Gave.

If it be well to wash the skin—and we never heard the proposition questioned—it is well also that we should be familiar with the means by which that purpose may be most efficiently attained.

We once knew a beautiful woman, with a nice complexion, who had never washed her face with soap all her life through; her means of polishing were, a smear of grease or cold cream; then a wipe, and then a lick with rose water. Of course we did not care to look too closely after such an avowal, but we pitied her, for soap is the food of the skin.—

Soap is to the skin what Wine is
to the stomach,

a generous stimulant. It not only removes the dirt, but the layer which carries the dirt; and it promotes the displacement of the old cuticle to make way for the new, to increase the activity of change in the skin. Now turn we to Toilet Soaps and there we find

a name engraved on the memory of the
oldest inhabitant—PEARS.

PEARS' Soap!

an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and
the most refreshing and agreeable of balms to the skin.

You buy

me, a Remington Standard Typewriter.

I write

your business letters.

He reads

your well written letter and concludes to purchase.

You sell

a good sized bill of goods.

I did it.

Am I not entitled to some credit?
Mind you I am a

Remington

 Standard
Typewriter.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made
for working for us. Persons pre-
ferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole
time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably
employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. \$55⁰⁰

*Don't
spoil your Feet with
Cheap
Shoes.*

Don't permit any substitute for the "Korrect Shape," as we have arranged to supply any one in the United States who cannot get these goods of our agents, and prepay all delivery charges, thus bringing them to your door without extra cost.

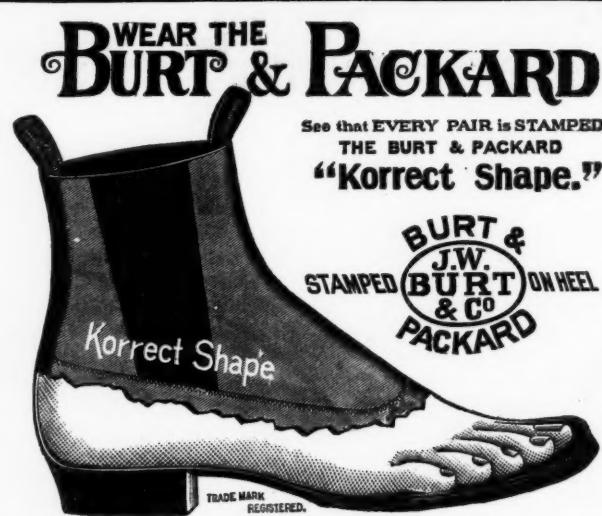
* * * * If you want PERFECTION in fit, with freedom from CORNS and all DISCOMFORT, you will never wear anything except THE BURT & PACKARD SHOE.

The BURT & PACKARD "Korrect Shape" Shoes are made in four grades, viz.: Hand-made, Hand-welt, Burt-welt and Machine Sewed. The trade mark above—showing the foot in a natural position within a shoe, and also the words "Korrect Shape"—is fully covered under the Patent laws, and we shall be glad of any information where dealers are making use of either of these designs in the hope of deceiving the public.

Our agents should carry all styles in Congress, Button, and Bal for Gents, Boys, and Youths.

All information concerning our different styles, kinds of stock, how to obtain these goods, etc., forwarded by simply naming this publication, with your address in full.

PACKARD & FIELD, (Successors to BURT & PACKARD), Brockton, Mass.



A MACEDONIAN CRY.
"Jim Blaine, come out and help us," cried McKinley in despair.
"There's a chill of cold days dawning in the bleak Ohio air.
Lift the flood-gates, talk in oceans, take out ev'ry gag and cork,
But for heaven's sake don't mention—not a word of wheat or pork."
—Philadelphia Times.

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We think there is no Village in Old Ulster of its size can compete with ours in the number of children it contains. Most any fair day you can stand at Knifflins corner and look up the main Street and see them playing in the road some loading toy wheelbarrows with dust others with tiny express wagons. And one we noticed harnessed to his mothers dish pan loaded with stones. Making about as good time as Belle Hamlin and a good deal more racket.—Highland (N. Y.) Southern Ulster.

PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 35. "Profesh." 10 Cents. All News-dealers.

THEY were sitting on the piazza during the twilight hour. Then she cuddled up a little closer and said:

"I think foot-ball must be an awful nice game."
"Why, darling," said he.
"Because they have so many touch downs."
He thoughtfully stroked his silky moustache, when it suddenly dawned upon him.—Princeton Tiger.

STRANGLED JUSTICE — A Hung Jury.—Ex.

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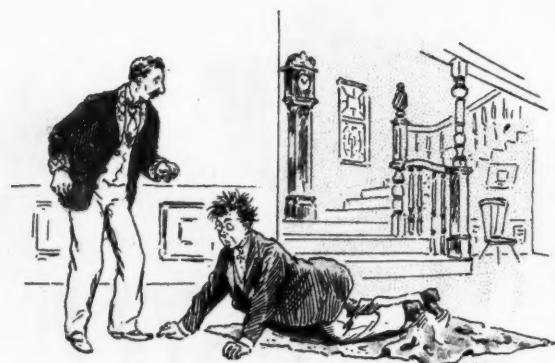
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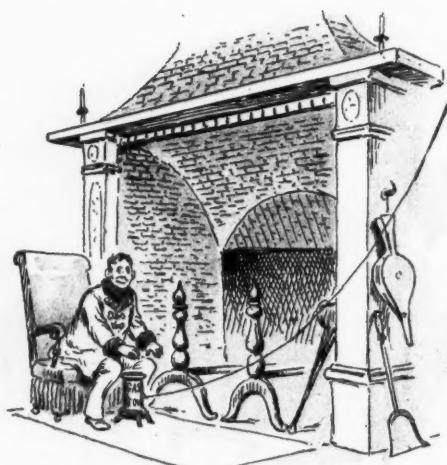
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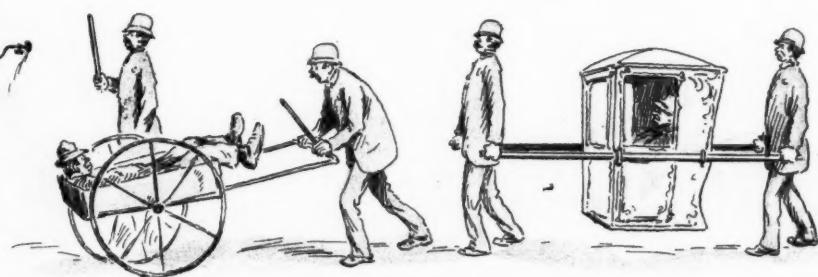
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